WASHINGTON, D. C.

A PALACE IN GENOA.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

XII-Continued.

not see how black, how forbidding, the clouds the key that admits me to that black corridor. upon my strangled breast, ten thousand pounds what echoes shall my steps wake therein? What the key that admits me to that black corridor, appear. * * * And then, is it wrong, when the impulse knocks thus vehemently at one's heart? Cato, for instance—a man who lowed law—shall we say his last deed outlawed him, or did he not rather obey a higher law, born of his own fine wisdom, thrice purified, exalted, clarified, so to speak, by long and exalted clarified challenge. ** ** peace sent me their final challenge—"Meet us ment, his exhortation, all combine to disarm me of my purpose! Strange! Yet, how my whole at Philippi!" and is it not now the night after life has given it all the lie. * * * How's what were Anthony's demons, Austin's threes, the battle-that battle which I fought well and that? Is't truth, or morbid pride, that puts that compared with the penance I've been doing

to tread, ** * yet must—if, through its corridors should lead the way to Rest, ** * what dangers could repel me from making the attempt! And if Rest there is, for any, since man has it not here, why, who can win it, unless he dâres the black Stygian waters? * * * * The doubts, the dangers of this present life: its shortcomings, its littlenesses, its shadows, its mysteries—when that comes, all these shall be made so plain unto me, and I shall be able to know, and understand, and have patience with, the reason for them all. Alas! I am very far that sleep, what DREAMS may come "—" puzzles the what comes in fant, yet impotent of cry for strength; cancerous, ulcered by my very loathing hate of myself; accounting the temple of Janus, though these myriad Catos every day fling into their midst these freshest figs, and warn them: "Delenda est Carthago!" Whence "the respect that makes calamity of so long life," prevents me from sleep, even rouses me, plucks me up with strong and nervous arm when I would lie down in the way side snow, benumbed, happy, and glide off into the unconsciousness that has such pleasant dreams, they say? Aha! there's it! "But in that sleep, what DREAMS may come"—" puzzles the cliff, to get higher? Why resist them, oh my soul? They will come again—they will rise ever until they overwhelm me. There is no dove winging near, nor no Ark afloat. Why the thought is so natural, the association so reasonable. Sin and Death! They went hand in hand together out of Eden, and have been inseparable, since, * * * boon comrades—partners, who, by joint commission, have the fair, its bays so pleasant, its breezy groves so the fair, its bays so pleasant, its breezy groves so the fair, its bays so pleasant, its breezy groves so the fair, its bays so pleasant, its breezy groves so the fair, its bays so pleasant, its breezy groves so the fair, its bays so pleasant, its breezy groves so the fair, its bays so pleasant, its breezy groves so the fair, its bays so pleasant, its breezy groves so the fair, its bays so pleasant, its breezy groves so the fair, its bays so pleasant, its breezy groves so the fair, its bays so pleasant, its breezy groves so the fair of the will. They went hand together out of Eden, and have been inseparable, since, * * * Come, my sweet releaser, come! * * The grapes are pluckt; the Simoom hath sapped the vines; * only thistles abide now—food for asses. then, and * * * my lease is long expired.

Therefore these bailiff pains thus radely seize able to return again, they should abide forlorn, forever pining upon the memory of the blisses ones around me, to whom I owe that respect they once enjoyed? * * * Ah, but for

swiftly steal away, in at the lattice, to the rosy couch, and clasp her to his bosom, her, his bride, his life—the honey that melts fragrantly into his throbbing soul! had been few patriots with their "Roman virtue," and fewer still, as martyrs, would have lived in fame, bearing the sword and palm. * * * But I? I drink no wine of Cyprus when I indulge this thought. It is pregnant to Epithalamia, nor of fiercely exultant odes, Pythian or Olympic. Thinking of Death, I think of Rest and Ease. I seem to escape from the business of the street, where all is rush, and whirl, and turmoil—shame and crime; where date-hued clouds lower, and the Northeast blast howls, and the raw rains of November chill you to the bone; I seem to escape from all this, to enter into the quietness, the temper-ed warmth, the mild light, the pleasaut cosiness rain beats, man toils with uneasy brow, and

poor wretches shiver and starve; within, in slip-pered ease, one sips the nectar, and lolls in the thought-propelled chairs of Olympus. * * *
Give me this, then, give me this, oh mystery of troke, nor how keen and thrilling thy azure word-blade! Give me this. * candidly, I could not live as some do, suffering, in the course of one hour's thought, a thousand pangsof death, yet being such base and prostrate slaves to the thing called life—at best, a base, ignoble matter in most instances, I judge—that ey dare not lift an arm or raise a voice for crater of a volcano; a moor with never a green thing or a living, with never a landmark, they dare not lift an arm or raise a voice for would starve upon such meagre fare as this.

* * Yet, I foresee, I am come just to that pinching stage; * * * how thin my hands are, and how blue my blood— we * * * I bis board wafted vapors even made his hair lift, and before, a black, unsolved, horror-peopled Abyss, whose very pinching stage; * * * how thin my hands are, and how blue my blood— we * * * I bis board wafted vapors even made his hair lift, and are, and how blue my blood-ave. *

have need to make my exit. November's blasts are chilling all my veins. Here is the door admits me to that cosy nest and thou, * * * small vial with thy pungent fragrance, * * thou shalt be my night-key. Once

in, I can defy November. But, the passage-way is dark-if I should stumble there, per-chance, whither would I fall? It is too late, November blast, and gaze out over the moor

then, to say: It was ordained so. Too late then, to murmur, I repent. * * Save that, all favors it. Even if better ends are in store, even if in the midst of this drear November we should be able to realize the wild uncertain glories of St. Martin's summer, still, it were best to finish here, since we have lost-so

them, and so escape. * * * Escape I ness from very loathing of contact with itself-must-or else, I do wilful murder on my soul not all this wrong I've sown broadcast, heap-

and mind. Which is the worse? What need for me to stay? I have no place in all the head—not all this obstructed viper's blood that Pageant of Life, vain, empty, trivial as it is. Why, then, must I stand shivering upon the parches my tongue, makes ache my eyes, makes street corner, rained and stormed upon, until it black my thoughts, marches grim spectres and has gone by? Elsewhere, there may be comfort, * * * or, anyhow, * * * rest. Rest!
That is worth a crusade to me, * * * worth,
wounds and scorn, worth a quest as arduous as against the sole thing that encourages, permits, the quest of Arthur's knights for San Greal.

Rest! Great benison, * * * if, after the black
Uncertainty whose gloomiest walks I hesitate
to tread, * * * yet must—if, through its corridors should lead the way to Rest, * * * what

separable, since, * * * boon comrades— ed undiscovered to us—are then its shores so artners, who, by joint commission, have the fair, its bays so pleasant, its breezy groves so high-delightful, that none have ever dared to hem, and * * * my lease is long expired.

The problem of the relative solutions and the problem of ones around me, to whom I owe that respect that no longer is my own. * * * Aye, the worst thing, that! Shall a man live who not respects himself? Needeth that theme the subtle arguing of Benedictine Fathers, Jesuit case, the pleasant contrast greatest—in the other proudly dwelt on; malice fills my brain, schools, or Doctors of Sorbonne? Tis too solid truth to look around for casuistic stays Aye, things are ripe for it now; this is the auspurple, till, at the time when I shall dare assert

solid truth to look around for casuistic stays and bolsters. And I? Faugh! I am one who hath spitten in his own face—who live in sund, and contemplate my habitation with some sort of pride. What would you call such pride, with such an object? Given, a world to conquer, will this pride help one? Given, a soult to free, a hell to escape, will this pride point the way, and strengthen one to tempt it? Given, a mite to crush, a bite to scratch, a pimple to rub off—in what does this pride aid me? * * * And then, (again the old thought!)

My tones would rest.

That have but labored to statch this bour."

For, what is the gift of Life but Death? For, what is the gift of Life but Death? That have but labored to statch this hour."

For, what is the gift of Life but Death? Some take it rudely, deeming it rudely thrust upon them; some turn away with terror, loathing the price of the past of these people, and doubt not that the great while hots sword, and I shall fall like Herod, oh drug! light as the toying Zephyr's kiss! who would guess the steel bound might and obditions white hots sword, and I shall fall like Herod, oh drug! light as the toying Zephyr's kiss! who would guess the steel bound might and obditions whith the great white hots sword, and I shall fall like Herod, oh drug! light as the toying Zephyr's kiss! who would guess the steel bound might and obditions who would guess the steel bound might and obditions who would guess the steel bound might and obditions who would guess the steel bound might and obditions who would guess the steel bound might and obditions who would guess the steel bound might and obditions who would guess the steel bound might and obditions who would guess the steel bound might and obditions who would guess the steel bound might and obditions who would guess the steel bound might and obditions who would guess the steel bound might and obditions who would guess the steel bound might and obditions who would guess the steel bound might and obditions who would guess the steel bound might spared the trouble of my own exit, and shall go only ing, madness—like children, when for sirups that they cry for, we present them what—though they confess it not—is far more wholesome—books; but most look forward to it as a climax really pleasant, were not for the doubts why not, in the name of Heaven? Why should spared the trouble of my own exit, and shall go out in goodly, Godly company—nevertheless, I shall no more have a tomb and churchly sepulture in that case, than if I cut my own throat now. Thither leads your Perhaps, you see. * * limax really pleasant, were not for the doubts out in goodly, Godly company—nevertheless, I shall no more have a tomb and churchly sepulture in that case, than if I cut my own throat now. Thither leads your Perhaps, you see. * * All life is emphatic failure, I perceive, and yet, * * I have done all the task that was set climax really pleasant, were t not for the doubts that darken about it—so clouds pile up at near-damned shame, and woe, and pain, shrinking the wild and passionate yearning of the lover for the night, behind whose curtain he shall Is not that The Place, where the lashings for

instance shall be more terrible, less tolerable, more poignantly acute, in proportion as the consciousness is clearer and the sensibility more delicate? Persephone, as daughter of Ceres, gathers flowers, a child; as wife of Dis, what high mysteries is she not the elected Queen of? * * * What if, in that other Queen of? world, to which a thrust or a draught can dismiss us ere the breast could heave thrice with one's breathing, the soul, purified of its corporeal connections, exalted, sublimated, clarified like rock crystal, becomes refined a million proofs, strung up with the nervous tension of the deli-catest harp, impressible as the rarest ether; while the memory, purged of all its defects, all

its short-comings, rushes, sounding, through it like a tidal wave up Ganges, agonizing every atom with its jarring, crashing contact? God! and no Rest there, neither! * Thus, in the dismal gloom of his dank Ou-bliette, this man, this Prince of all Heautonbliette, this man, this Prince of all Heauton-timorumenoi, this First Gravedigger for the corpse of Self-Content, this emphatically Wretch-ed, pursued his train of thought, gloomy, repi-ning, desiring death, but ever withholding his hand, and half resolving to drag on his dreary life to the end, sooner than to face the Revels tion which Conscience gave him such disma foretaste of. He had cast his all upon a throw, and lost, to be sure, and now had no object for the life which, if he lived it, would but drone along its purposeless way of dreariest blank-ness. A pathway over a blasted moor it was, fire-scathed, God-forsaken, dry as the thirsty

a drawer, and undid the bolts. a ray of pure sunshine over the house-tops and into the Ghetto of Rome, so that he shrank back from her, a culprit, concealing his guilty ness behind a dark and lower "When you wish to see me," said he, harsh-

Save are in Novemold unold unold in the Key. Now, on this cloudy morning, he has gotten very near to it indeed. He is inside the iron-studded door, and he is naturally skeptical if the Key shall have power to reveal to him a more horror-fraught interior than

For example of the control of the co

bravely, but lost irremediably? Is not this the meet time? * * I fancy the eyes of my spirit can clearly trace out before it, ready for my steps to follow, one of those blind ways" which are mercifully provided us, so that those like me, who are stricken down, crushed, burnt out, may steal silently and unnoticed out by them, and so escape. * * * Escape I ness from very loathing of contact with itself—not all this wrong I've agent level and unnoticed by the prostrate, and it kneels upon my throat. In manus tuas, Domine! It is not God I fear—like me, who are stricken down, crushed, burnt out, may steal silently and unnoticed out by them, and so escape. * * * Escape I ness from very loathing of contact with itself—this wrong I've search breaders them.

Away, these doubts and questionings! Noth ing comes after. How must I disnose of Non-Rid it? Aye-come, my good tincture, that by my lips mount to my brain, dull these aching thoughts, and clot this viperous blood. Thy gifts are better than this misery in which I am steeped; better not to be than thus to

ion, of course, yet-'tis done. Bred some ideas in brains, gotten me children, made a woman miserable, created envy, roused men even to hatred, crushed some egg-shells of simpletons who trusted—been an example, also, "to point a moral and adorn a tale "—even given a new word to the language, they tell me; and also I have suffered some, thanks to a heart of mush, and some quite active maggots that infest my brain! So * * * I deem my work done.

* * * I can bang up my harp, straighten out

my limbs, and compose myself. No marble, sexton, no urn, no epitaph. * * * Dig deep, else the dogs may quarrel round me, cheating the worms—and, round up, say eighteen inches, two spades high, and sod it with the green thin-bladed grass that grows under some old cherry tree. So. Nunc, dimitte! * * *

Would he really have done it? His face was set in resolute lines; his eye was cold and stern; his mouth curled in a desperate sneering way. And he had rison; he had planted feet firm; he had uncorked the vial, and it was at his lips.

There was some self-assertion there; he had gotten so far that we may say, Almost—but, the God who waited on Sodom and Gomorrah; the God who sent His prophet to Nineveh; the very God who lent His Son to man, that the radiance of the Cross on Calvary might queuch the glare of the Sword that flamed at Eden's closed gate—that God knew the prayers that were hidden underneath this man's heart, and, for the sake of them, prevented him, spared

door, and he was no more alone. He hastily thrust the vial into his bosom, the pistols into

* "Sick art thou—a divided will Still heaping on the fear of ill The fear of mea, a coward still." Tennyson.—" The Teco

November blast, and gaze out over the moor again—having no courage. Yet, each time he returned again, and was more forcibly urged ly alone, and I will not be intraded upon."

"Papa!" cried she, with quivering lip, and barely repressing her purpose of springing for-ward and clasping his knees, and entreating him; "it was not curiosity-I could not find George, and there is a man waiting up stain an Italian, who brings you this letter.'

kissed her on lips and checks, and patted her, calling her his darling, and his little child. appealed to the General Government for re-

have come too late! I will not fling it away-I will put it in your hands, my darling-and renounce the sin.

She had grown pale, and trembled, and now, when she took the bottle, her head sank down upon his shoulder, the tears came, and she sobbed piteously. TO BE CONTINUED.

INKLINGS FROM THE FRONTIER;

FISHOMING CITY, C. N., Jan. 8, 1860.

To the Editor of the National Era: I have endeavored in vain to possess myself

of some work on the history, origin, and progress, of the four nations of civilized Indians now flourishing between the thirty-third and thirty-seventh parallels of north latitude.

It appears to me that historians have not naid that attention to the history of the various tribes of the aboriginal possessors of this continent which justice to a once powerful but now onquered and fallen people demands of them. The poor Indians have been subjugated, driven others, after becoming contaminated by concontinually moving farther and farther westequality with their white conquerors. And yet I believe there is no complete history of the North American Indians now extant. True, there are some very good books treating on the manners and customs of our aborigines, and on

ple to whom we owe so much. I candidly confess my ignorance of the past

ever, that the pen of some able and erudite writer will ere long be applied to the task.

In this series of "Inklings," it is my intention to give a few impressions of life among the civilized Indians, in my usual off-hand, desultome-bunglingly, and in mine own clumsy fash- ry style. But, before setting out on a narration of individual and personal observations, permit me to take a cursory glance at a few incidents

of their former history.

I had occasion to refer somewhat to the four nations in a letter published in the Era last spring. But as these people are destined, at a future day not far distant, to elicit considerable public attention, some knowledge in relation to them may not be deemed amiss. For, although their territory may not be partitioned off, and laid open for promiscuous and indiscriminat settlement by squatters from the ranks of civil ization, as certain politicians seem to desire i should be, yet the Indians themselves wil probably enact laws and offer inducements t young men of intelligence, enterprise, and good moral character, who may be disposed to come among them, and belp them to work out their

they are now known, claim to have been the sovereigns of all that country now under the jurisdiction of the Southeastern States, from time immemorial. The first we know of them is their discovery on the occupancy of America by the British. The Cherokees still proudly boast that Powhatan and Pocahontas were to their race. Like some of the tribes of Central Mexico at the time of the Spanish conques these people were once Pagans, and worshippe

Our colonies found them to be a powerfu and numerous people, subsisting principally by

colonies. After many depredations had beer committed, Colonel Montgomery went into their country, at the head of an army, for the pur ish troops and provincial militia, again made on the 22d of December last:

By the voluntary action of States or of individuals. This would in no respect be a sectional measure; it would be national in all its aspects.

By the voluntary action of States or of individuals. This would in no respect be a sectional measure; it would be national in all its aspects.

dress. But the Administration, at that time favorable to the removal of the Cherokees winked at the wrongs heaped upon them, and would do nothing to check irregular proceed-

The people of Georgia, aware of the sentiments and policy of the President, resolved to make the home of the Cherokees too hot for them, and, by a system of continual persecuwas at my lips-another minute, and you would red that their reservations furnished a retreat for runaway slaves and fugitives from justice that they were incapable of civilization, and only cumberers of the soil which ought to be only cumberers of the soil which ought to be appropriated to the use of their superiors, the south all the superadded horrors of a servile suggest. Are the people of the house struck

diced against them, and to have been on the side of their oppressing neighbors. At least, we find that in his official reports he speaks of their prospects in a very discouraging manner, unwarranted by the real state of affairs and its great valley, will flow onward forever, will come to the wrong door; let us step round in the states of affairs and its great valley, will flow onward forever, will come to the wrong door; let us step round Life and Observations among Civilized favor. He represented to the Administration ceaseless activity, operating through all their institutions, which would ever prevent them from appreciating or adopting any other modes action but those which have descended to

them, were taken up on suspiciou of dissuading them against the removal, and thrown in prison by the Georgians. Nothing was left undone that could be also. Nothing was left undone that could be also. that could be done, either to induce or force the Cherokees to emigrate to the wilds of the

trans-Mississippian regions. At length, a treaty was obtained by the agents of the General Government from a few of the chiefs, and the removal of the whole from their hunting grounds, banished from the of the treaty was denied by the great majority tribe was determined upon. But the fairness soil that contains the graves of their fathers. of the Cherokees. They were averse to leaving Many tribes have become entirely extinct; their pleasant homes and the graves of their were living comfortably, and making such rapid strides toward civilization. However, continually moving farther and farther west-ward, as civilization calls for more room; while still others are assiduously engaged in the laud-still others are assiduously engaged in the laudable enterprise of preparing themselves to take | beautiful country they now occupy, and which, by the most solemn and binding treaty stipulations with the Federal Government, they are

Indian wars, but none that can claim to be their removal from the State of Georgia was complete or even succinct histories of that peofor the best, and has proved vastly beneficial to the nation. And yet this fact does not exculpate our Government or our people from their many acts of bad faith, of injustice, and of op-

I have thus given a retrospective glance at the past history of the Cherokees, that I may hereafter contrast their present state of civilization and refinement with their former position and opportunities.

Where is the humanitarian who does not de

traditions seem to be vague, and the legends of light to watch the progress of a people rising up out of the depths of ignorance, superstition, degradation, and poverty, into the light of Gospel truth, civilization, and refinement? GEY OAKLEAR.

> The following graceful tribute to Lady Frankin is from the pen of Elizabeth H. Whittier. sister of the Quaker Poet of Amesbury.

LADY FRANKLIN.

Fold thy hands, thy work is over! Let thy poor heart, overwearied, Rest alike from hopes and fear

Hopes, that saw with sleepless vision One sad picture fading slow; Fears that followed, vague and nameless.

For thy brave one, for thy lost one, Owning still the love that granted Unto thy beloved sieep. Not for him that hour of terror.

When the long ice-battle o'er-Deathward trod the Polar shor

Soured the fainting heart's deepe What but that could mercy grant him What but that has been thy prayer Dear to thee that last memorial. From the cairn beside the sea;

Evermore the month of roses Shall be sacred time to thee! Sad it is, the mournful yew-tree O'er his slymbers may not wave; Sud it is, the English daisy May not blossom on his grave.

Shape and fashion year by year-Shall his stainless honor be, While thy love, a sweet immorial,

But his tomb shall storm and winte

tor Doolittle, of Wisconsin, were delivered incur any expense which may be necessary, to on the 22d of December last:

ens the Union, am I prepared to respond to every line, every word, every letter, of that senment. Let the threats come from what source ey may, whether from men in high place or ple of the United States feel bound to maintates, and the supremacy of the Constitution and laws passed in pursuance thereof, at all zards, and against all enemies. No greater stake can exist in the mind of any human being than to suppose that this Union can be peaceably broken up. To talk of disunion, therefore, is to talk of war. Disunion means

Sir, we are bound together by geographical, that there was a principle of repulsion in Gulf. They will never suffer the outlet of that river to be held by any foreign Power. Beof life, or any other habits of thought or siderations. I would ask any man who for one moment dreams of a peaceful dissolution of the them-from their ancestors.

Missionaries of the Gospel, laboring among

Union, where would you draw the line of sep this great city may feel, but I am sure that the great mass of the people in the country will never consent that the tomb and the remains of Washington shall rest upon the soil

neither more nor less than war-bloody, relent

of a foreign jurisdiction.

There is, however, one question, and but one question, which has ever endangered 'the question which lies deeper than the slavery question, and which must be answered before re can ever arrive at a satisfactory solution of the slavery question itself. What shall be done the negroes who are now free, and who shall hereafter become free by the volun-tary action of States and of individuals? An answer to this question must of necessity precede all practical solutions of the slavery question. The men of the South declare slavery to

be right, demand its unlimited expansion, and maintain that the Constitution, of its own force, carries it into all the Territories of the United States. The men of the North denonace slavery as in derogation of natural right, and maintain that it rests upon local law alone, They maintain that the Constitution carries slavery nowhere, and are uncompromisingly opposed to its extension into the Territorie merely state the question. I do not propose to argue it. This is neither the time nor the occasion for me to do so. Between these conflicting opinions there is no neutrality, no mid dle ground. The one or the other will prevail. Men may deplore its discussion, and try to put down agitation. But it is useless to cry peace, peace, where there is no peace. Compromises do not bind it. Party resolutions do not keep it down. The question is up, is forced upon the country. It will not "down at your bidding." It demands, and will have, an explicit answer—Is freedom sectional and slavery national? Does the Constitution, of its own force, carry slavery into all the Territories we

answer will be given to this all-absorbing question, when passed upon by the American peomains, and without answering which all attempts at emancipation by States or individuals. if not impossible, are almost impracticable. more are or hereafter may be emage; pated? Many of the free States refuge to receive them into their jurisdictions. Many of the slave States are passing laws to re-enslave them. We talk of the horrors of the African slave trade, but there is going on to day, before the eyes of the American people, in this Christian land, a system of violence and oppression whose cold-blooded inhumanity can hardly find a parallel, and which seeks to reduce to slavery almost half a million of free men. A wail of unguish from these people is going up to rend the very heavens! What, in God's name, shall we do with them and for them? We have no right, it is true, to interfere with the independent acchamber. She has thrown aside the novel, and stands in the door window, thrumming an actions. But is there no responsibility resting upon the Government of the United States, and especially upon the people of the North? We have never yet presented to the people of the South an answer to that question. Without dwelling at length upon this subject, I maintain that it is a duty which we owe to the people of the South, which we owe to this unfortunate class of our fellow beings, which we owe to ourselves, and which we owe to that Divine Being who commands us to "love our paighbors as we love ourselves," hy some action of the United States, which controls our foreign relations, to provide an asylum and a home for this class of unfortunate men, now doomed to tion of States, who have sovereign power over bors as we love ourselves," by some action of the United States, which controls our foreign relations, to provide an asylum and a home for this class of unfortunate men, now doormed to banishment and confiscation or to re-enslavement. This was the plan of Jefferson, sanctioned by Washington, Madison, Monroe, Clay, and Jackson. It is the only practical and Jackson. It is the only practical and the same of the slavery question, for it

A solid Dutchman was standard at a certain the same of the slavery question, for it shall his stainless honor be, white sand their red neighbors remained for some time in firedly relations. But as the colonies increased in numbers and green in retrength, the whites became more bold and rapacious. A contest for the possession of the soil sprang up between the original owners and the white one to original owners and the white one to original owners and the white one to original owners and the white of the possession of the soil sprang up between the original owners and the white of the possession of the soil sprang up between the original owners and the white of the possession of the soil sprang up between the original owners and the white of the possession of the soil sprang up the terelopers, which resulted in wars, and the final subjugation of the Cherokees.

At an early period in our colonial history, the Cherokees were very troublaome to the frontier settlers of the Carolinas.

In 1760, the French sent emissaries to stir

them up to war against the English and the REMARKS OF SENATOR DOOLITTLE, occupation of free white men; while we shall box; keep it; put it in your pocket; it's yours; oppose the reopening of the African slave trade, we are ready to join you at any moment, and And so he did, ramming the ticket pose of chastising them, but his army was cut up, and he was obliged to return without accomplishing his mission. The following year, Colonel Grant, with an army composed of Brit-

rise the tall chimneys of an elegant Gothic cot. this graceful home, we shall find bright inteln, and they will maintain, the Union of these ligence and gentle courtesies, music, poetic ous carpets and all the appliances of wealth and ease; but what means this desolation! The grand reception room is as silent as the grave; the gay furniture might as well be so many tombstones, for all the idea of occupancy they

In vain the weary traveller stands at the commercial, and political necessities. You cannot cut the Mississippi river in twain. The grand front entrance, and, cracking his whip, cannot cut the Mississippi river in twain. The waters of that river, which drains all the States shouts, "Who's yore?" But we have only helpless emigrants, who, being excluded from in its great validy, which is great validy, which is great validy, to the Gulf of Mexico. The mil- to the back kitchen; here—peep through this narrow window; that kind-faced woman, in the they are admitted. [Laughter and applause."] unmistakable linsey dress, is the lady of the house, and those hobnailed urchins, in ticking shirts, the destined heirs of this fair inheritance. Poor woman! She is at her wit's end amidst all the confusion and the steam of the mush-pot. Don't let us worry her by knockments; he is not there. Far off, in a wing of the house, we see the glowing embers of a fire; here, in this gloomy, uncarpeted apartment, he seeks rest from the shrill rebuke of his wife his friends as he chooses; here all is in keeping with his natural habits—a heap of apples in one corner, feather-bags tied up for sale in another; while on a pile of old boots, and coats, and old linsey gowns, the accumulation of the last five years, mine host reclines in his glory. What a beautiful light falls through the stained glass windows on this scene of tranquil ease! He is a hard-looking case enough. If you were to scare him up in the woods, you would run; but he is quite harmless at home. He has reaped great harvests, and gathered into who advertise for "sewing girls" who do not barns, and battled through life with its hot in some degree pay them off in the same way suns and stubborn sod, its hard weather and as these German fur dealers do.

dull thoughts, uncheered by either knowledge or religion; and now he has reached the acme or heat, rain, snow, or sleet, walk the streets of his hapes—a fine house, a grand coach, broad acres, and a fine lady daughter. These ing, perhaps in an old newspaper, what we cal are the reward of coming old age.

Our singler, often only bread, or at best a little

This same fine lady daughter has been edu.

cated in a New York boarding school; she has come home complete in accomplishments, flowing and graceful in every movement, extraval at noon to eat our cold lunch,) for these men gant and elegant in all her tastes. She has grand company from town, to whom her father plays hostler, and her mother plays cook; while the prond heauty repays each sacrifice by ever new requirements, and sulky repining for sympathy and the beau monde; yet never do they weary of pumposing her miserable shape is their of thousands North, is far more miserable shape is their of thousands North, is far more miserable shape is their of their of thousands north is far more miserable shape is their of their of thousands north. do they weary of pampering her whims.

force, carry slavery into all the Territories we now have or may hereafter ever acquire? Wherever our flag floats, over sea or land, is slavery protected under its folds?

Then are but a dwarf is the hig man's clothing. In thise innermost soul thou are home-sick for the dear old log cabin, German employers. See a hundred or more and the roaring back log, its rude hickory chairs, its winter evenings, with thy rough and with leaky shoes, huddle around the paychums, and "seven up." Thy brightest dreams But, after all, the great question still reare of those dear old times, when that proud the books with their week's work account, by are of those dear old times, when that proud daughter lay an infant in a sugar trough, or played on tay knee with the odd bits of harness, the treasure of thy old woman's pocker; while poor dog Tray stood with his paws on thy friendly shoulder, begging for a part of thy honest caresses. Ah! those sweet dreams the roll of the comes that trial: "Vy, Miss Shane, you have only make von dollar tree shillin dis veek." "Oh," ake replies, "I've made more than that the comes that the roll of t force a tear down thy rude cheek; and now the sir, let me show you." "No," says he, furrowed face is buried in the deep seamed vot is right." Then come sharp words. Then hand. Tell us, dear neighbor it will with a jabbering of Dutch with some accomplice in

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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reafter sent to. Ber All communications to the Pra, whether on business of the paper or for publication

M. L. BAILEY, Washington, D. C.

And so he did, ramming the ticket away down to the bottom of a deep pocket in his

HARD TO PLEASE.

taken to sketch out the details of a plan for eftage. Surely, "we say architecture bespeaks feeting the change at once, by any legislative the spirit of the occupant," and in the deep bay measure that could be adopted? Consider window and stained glass and poet's nooks of only, I pray you, that it would be to ask the South to give up one thousand millions of property, which she holds by a title satisfactory to herself, as the first step. Then estimate the sympathy, and all clustering family virtues. cost of an adequate outfit for the self-support of Here are rich curtains and velvet sofas, luxu- the emancipated millions; then reflect on the derangement of the entire industrial system of and manufactures that depend on its great staples; then the necessity of conferring equal political privileges on the emancipated race, tion of the two great political parties on the basis

A SEWING GIRL'S APPEAL FOR SEW

sas,) would prove doubly

To the Public: We, of the many oppressed and down-trodden, have, from the repeated ining. Let us seek the master; he is at rest, justice done to us, and to hundreds of others, perhaps; we need not open those grand apart by employers in this city, at last determined to justice done to us, and to hundreds of others,

and the disdainful airs of his oldest daughter; ploy hundreds of poor girls to prepare their here may he smoke his pipe in peace, and see various styles, and who promise to pay certain prices per piece, for certain kinds of work. There are also hundreds employed in making cloth caps and hoop-skirts, who are weakly chear ed out of a part of their earnings, who, no doubt are compelled to submit to it; or, if we attempt to claim our rights, are often insulted by replies in coarse language, and are not unfrequently told to leave, if we don't like our pay, &c. speak from my experience, more particularly He of the fur manufacturers; yet there are few into who advertise for "sewing girls" who do not

> We, as every one knows, by thousands, in cold ing, perhaps in an old newspaper, what we call from eight in the morning until five and some

And here let me say that our slavery, and that of tens of thousands North, is far more miserable than is that of the well-fed, wellologacd, and well-cared-for colored slaves of the these flowered walls and gilded mirrors mock thee! They laugh at thy rustic uginess, and cry out, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit!"

Thine earthly garlands hang loosely on thy shrundan limbs, and all this grandent so for

thee?

Oh! twilling the docompenial hour when this great the best of humanity sends forth its most piteous sighs and ardent supplications—canst thou not whisper to this poor, rich man, "Behold, I stand at thy door and knock?"

But other sighs are going forth from that But other sighs are going forth from that cottage roof; they are breathed in my lady's chamber. She has the window, thrumming an actual stands in the deep window, thrumming an accommunication to a fragment of a French song makes shust von donar an why, you see, sir, veek." The girl replies, "Why, you see, sir, veek." I he girl replies, "Why, you see, sir, veek." my book ; it's two dollars and six shillings. a loud voice, he replies, "I nos petter. Here's de money; you can take it if you likes." She counts it, and finds (instead of the \$1.87\) which he said she had made) that he only gave her \$1.80. She shows it to him. He says, "he can't make de shange." She remonstrates. He says, "Oh! vel, if you vant dat little seven cents, you must shange dis bill," showing her a three or five dollar bill, which he well knows she cannot change, and so ends her week's settlement. These scenes run through and hold good with hundreds. And there is no doubt that many of these "noble Germans" make a calculation, even in this little way, to save, or